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From the Boston Statesman.

Washington, Monday, Feb. 6, 1837.

Never, perhaps, in the history of American legislation has such a scene been witnessed as has been exhibited in the House of Representatives to-day; never was there a more spirited debate or higher excitement manifested than by the members of that body through this entire day.

Mr. Adams, in the course of his usual presentation of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, stated that he had some petitions of which he had doubts of their genuineness, and upon these he would submit to the decision of the Speaker. He presented one signed by nine women of Fredericksburg, Va., and said he held in his hand a petition purporting to be from slaves, signed by twenty-two, and he, without presenting it, would just ask the decision of the Speaker whether it would be embraced under the "order" of the House?

The Speaker replied, that as this subject was so extraordinary he would ascertain the decision of the House. Mr. Haynes of Ga. then moved that the reception of the petition be rejected.

Mr. Lewis, of Ala. hoped that the gentleman from Ga. would recall his motion, and that the House would punish this attempt to insult its dignity; they had the power, and he hoped would do it. Mr. Haynes recalled his motion.

Mr. Patton of Virginia, moved to suspend the rules in order to offer a resolution concerning the petition; the House suspended the rules, and he moved the petition from the women in Fredericksburg, should be taken from the table and returned to Mr. Adams. Mr. Bouldin, of Virginia, hoped the subject of petition from slaves would be first disposed of. Mr. Patton had said that he did not recognize but one name on the Fredericksburg petition—that he knew, and that was a mulatto of infamous character, and he presumed the rest were such.

Mr. W. Thompson, of Georgia, sent a resolution to the chair to call up John Q. Adams to the bar of the House, and for the Speaker to censure him for attempting to introduce a petition from slaves.

He followed his resolution with a speech under great excitement and violent feeling. Mr. Haynes, of Georgia, proposed an amendment softening the terms of condemnation of Mr. Adams. Mr. Granger seized the opportunity to condemn Mr. Adams, and to show the South what a righteous abhorrence he had of the manner of Mr. Adams. One could hardly help thinking of the election of Vice President in the Senate next week.

The excitement now began to increase and great exertions were made by members to obtain the floor, and strenuous means used to keep the House in order.

Mr. Lewis, of Ala., presented the following resolution, which was received as an amendment to the original resolution:—

"Resolved, That John Quincy Adams, a member from the State of Massachusetts, by his attempts to introduce into this House a petition from slaves for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, committed an outrage on the rights and feelings of a large portion of the people of this Union, and a flagrant contempt on the dignity of this House; and by extending to slaves a privilege belonging only to freemen, directly excites the slave population to insurrection, and that the said member be forthwith called to the bar of this House, and be censured by the Speaker."

Several of the Southern members spoke upon this resolution in terms the most warm and indignant of the proceedings of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Wise obtained the floor—said he saw no more difficulty than usual; there was only a black snake, rather than a white one, and he feared the white only. If any body had a right to petition us on this subject, he thought the slaves had far greater occasion, and certainly more right to petition for emancipation, than the whites.

Hardin, of Ky., had been patient till patience was no longer a virtue; he spoke with great fury, and said if these abolitionists came into his section of the country, they would see Judge Lynch in less than twenty-four hours. Such was the excitement, and the course of warfare for three hours, when it was whispered that the petition might not be such as it was supposed to be, and Mr. Patton made an indirect call upon Mr. Adams to state more particularly concerning the paper. Mr. Adams rose, amid perfect silence, and said as he was the subject of debate and censure, he had concluded to say nothing until he should be brought to the bar, and he hoped that the previous question would not be carried, until he had a chance to say a word in his defence.

He called upon the Hon. gentleman from Alabama, to change his resolution, somewhat as to a matter of fact which he had assumed, and he would ascertain that the petition he had presented, was against the abolition of slavery, and requesting that Congress would expel him from the House, if he presented abolition memorials. This caused a general turmoil, the Southern members were taken in; and they then began to cast about for a refuge from the dilemma into which they had got themselves, and after amending their censorious resolution, and discussing it until dark with great asperity, the House adjourned without any action.

Just as the House was about to adjourn, Mr. Wise stated that he had been informed that some Southern members had prepared the petition for the purpose of exciting this angry discussion; this caused a great confusion, and hastened the adjournment.

The description here given, can convey to you no adequate idea of the excitement that has convulsed the House to-day. We shall probably finish the farce to-morrow.

The Senate have been all day on the same subject; so you see what times we are destined to have here from the agitation of this subject of slavery.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.—The debate upon the Slave petition was continued through the day, and with scarcely less violence than yesterday. The House adjourned without coming to any decision upon the subject.

A message was received from the President which was not read—it is rumoured, however, that it recommends reprisals on Mexican Commerce, in case satisfaction is not rendered this Government, for the injury it has received from Mexico.

THE GRAVE. AN EXTRACT.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?—
When the tomb is closing upon the remains of the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it likewise has its delights: and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than the song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up a long review of the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy:—there it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attentance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turned even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by the contrition!

If thou art a child, and has ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungenteel action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplets of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with those tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty to the living.

Distressing Shipwreck.—Loss of eleven lives and \$1,000,000 in property.—The bark Suanza, belonging to Macao, (China,) while on her passage to that place from Bombay, was cast away on the coast of Caulan, lat. 21 55, near the end of June last, in a gale, by which disaster eleven persons lost their lives, including Senhor H. Ar Leira, of Macao. The cargo consisted of 1383 chests of opium, 200 bales of cotton, &c. and the loss of property is estimated at more than a million of dollars. The Chinese living on the coast where the bark was wrecked, behaved in the most scandalous manner. It was in fact their eagerness to rob, which occasioned the loss of so many lives. Having passed one end of a rope to the ship, while they remained the other, the unfortunate ship's company committed themselves to it, and were making their way successfully to land, when suddenly the villains who held the rope, in order to rob those who first landed, let go their hold, and the consequence was, that eleven persons lost their lives. With the exception of Mr. Leira, they were all natives of the East. The news of the disaster having reached Macao, a brig was sent on the 4th of August to endeavor to save something from the wreck.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

Don't dwell on the dark side.—It is a most pernicious practice, in meditating on affliction, to sit ruminating on the aggravation of the affliction, and reckoning up the evil, dark circumstances thereof, and dwelling long on the dark side; it doubles and trebles the affliction. And so, when speaking of them to others, to make them as bad as we can, and use up all our strength in making new troubles, and feeding and pampering the old; whereas the contrary practice would starve our affliction. If we dwell on the bright side of things in our own thoughts, and extenuated them all that we possibly could, when speaking of them, we would think little of them ourselves, and the afflictions would really, in a great measure, vanish away.—[Pres. Edwards.]

Among those who serve at God's altar, was one who had faithfully discharged, through a long life, the holy duties of his vocation. He lingered after his contemporaries had gone to rest. By the fireside of his only son, he sat in peaceful dignity; and the children of another generation loved his silver locks. In that quiet recess, memory was lulled to sleep. The names of even familiar things, and the images which he had so often seen, faded as a dream. Still he lived on—cheered by that reverence which is due to the "hoary head, when found in the way of righteousness." At length, his vigour of righteousness failed. The staff could no longer support his tottering steps, and nature tendered her last response.

It was attempted, by the repetition of his own name, to awaken the torpor of memory. But he replied, "I know not the man." Mention was made of his only son, the idol of his early years, whose filial gratitude had taken every form and office of affection, "I have no son." The tender epithet by which he had designated his favourite grandchild was repeated. "I have no little darling." Among the group of friends who surrounded his bed, there was one who spoke of the Redeemer of man. The aged man suddenly raised himself upon his pillow. His eye kindled, as when from the pulpit, in the vigour of his days, he had addressed an audience whom he loved.—"I remember that Saviour. Yes—I do remember the Lord Jesus Christ."—Mrs. Sigourney.

PRESIDENT JACKSON'S LETTER.
The following letter from President Jackson to his niece, Mrs. Emily Donnellson, shortly previous to her decease, we copy from the Washington Globe of Friday last. It is interesting, as well from its piety and tenderness of feeling, as from the account it gives of the President's own state during his late serious illness:—
WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1836.

My Dear Emily: Your kind and acceptable letter of the 11th inst. was received on the 23d, whilst I was confined to my bed by a severe hemorrhage from the lungs, which threatened a speedy end to my existence. But with sincere thanks to a kind Providence, who holds our existence here in the hollow of his hand, I have so far recovered as to be able to write you this letter, to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to offer up to him who made us my most sincere and hearty thanks for his kindness to you in restoring you to health again, and with my prayers for your perfect recovery, and that you may follow his example.

I rejoice, my dear Emily, to find your spirits are good, and that you are able to take exercise daily. This is necessary to your speedy recovery; and I trust in a kind Providence that in time you will be completely restored to your health. You are young, and with care and good treatment, will outgrow your disease; but you must be careful not to take cold this winter, and as soon as Dr. Hunt's prescription reaches you, I would advise you to pursue it. The digitalis, I fear, is too exciting to the pulse.

The Doctor tells me I lost from the lungs, and by the lance and cupping, upwards of 60 ounces of blood, which stopped the hemorrhage, without the aid of that potent, but pernicious remedy to the stomach, sugar of lead. I am now mending as fast as I could expect, and I can keep clear of taking cold this winter, I hope to be spared, and be able to return to the Hermitage in the spring, and again have the pleasure of seeing you and your dear children, to whom present me affectionately.

My Dear Emily—The chastisement by our Maker we ought to receive as a rebuke from him, and thank him for the mildness of it, which was to bring to our view, and that it may be always before us, and that we are mere tenants at will here. And we ought to live daily, so as to be prepared to die, for we know not how soon we may be called home. Then let us receive our chastisements as blessings from God, and let us so live that we can say with the sacred poet:—

"What though the Father's rod,
Drop a chastening stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
His fury shall be broke.
Dent gently, Lord with thine
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere."
I must close with my blessings to you and the children. May God bless you all. Emily farewell.

Affectionately,
ANDREW JACKSON.

He who would undermine those foundations, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity. Let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruel purpose. Would he pluck his little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest the crutches from the frame of age, and remove from the eye of affliction, the only solace of woe! The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighted by the prospect of the better country to which we think it will lead. Tell us not it will end on the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild which fancy will fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate. Quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.—[Mackenzie.]

From the N. Y. Gazette of Tuesday.
Gross Outrage.—The meeting which was announced to take place in the Park yesterday afternoon for the purpose of considering the cause of the present high prices of flour, &c., led to the results which were anticipated, and in recording the facts, we cannot but express our deep regret that the civil authorities were not more prompt in providing an efficient force to put down the outrages which they must have known would have been the consequence of the meeting. The facts, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, are thus:—

After the meeting broke up, a party consisting of some hundred individuals, proceeded to the store of Eli Hart, & Co. No. 175 Washington street, which they entered, and commenced throwing barrels of flour into the street. After having thrown out nearly a hundred barrels, some of them proceeded to the second floor, and threw down a large quantity of the same article through the hatchway. They thence proceeded to the counting room, broke the desks, chairs, &c. and destroyed most of the books. By this time a large force arrived from the Police Office, headed by the Mayor, who succeeded in arresting a number of the ringleaders, who were conducted to the Hall, and thence sent to prison for further examination. The remainder of the rioters then proceeded to the store of S. H. Herriek, No. 5, Coenties Slip, where they destroyed about forty barrels of flour. They were, however, hotly pursued by the authorities, and many public spirited citizens (some of whom had been sworn in as special constables) and some further arrests were made. The whole number taken amounts to about thirty, and we trust they will be made to pay severely for their invasion of private rights.

A detachment of military was called out to guard such stores as it was feared might be attacked. We want words to express our feelings of indignation at such scenes. The spirit of mischief is so rife in our land that we know not where it is to stop. If those in high places can set the laws at defiance with impunity, we need not wonder that their inferiors should follow their example.

Gen. Jackson's Letter to Mr. Calhoun.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7th, 1837.

Sir:—In the Globe of the 6th inst. I find the report of a speech made by you on the 4th upon the land bill, which contains the following passages, viz:—

"Was it not notorious that the President of the United States himself had been connected with the purchase of the public lands? Yes, the 'experiment' (Mr. Calhoun delighted in the word) was the cause of speculation in public lands, and if this bill should not be passed, speculations could not go on, and the price of the public lands must consequently be reduced. He contended that every man could not but see that it would be utter ruin to those who had borrowed money to speculate in lands, if the system was not to go on." In the former part of your speech, as reported, you say, "The speculation which a particular state of things had given rise to, had been produced by those in power. They had profited by that state of things; and should this bill be passed, it only consummate their wishes." &c. &c. &c.

Knowing the liabilities of reporters to err in taking down and writing out the speeches of members of Congress, I have made inquiry in relation to the accuracy of this report, and have been furnished with certificates of gentlemen who heard you affirming that it is substantially correct.

You cannot but be aware, sir, that the imputations which your language conveys are calculated, if believed, to destroy my character as a man, and that the charge is one, which, if true, ought to produce my impeachment and punishment as a public officer. If I caused the removal of the deposits for the base purpose of enriching myself or my friends by any of the results which might grow out of that measure, there is no term of reproach which I do not deserve, and no punishment known to the laws which ought not be inflicted upon me. On the contrary, if the whole imputation, both as to motive and fact be a fabrication and a calumny, the punishment which belongs to me, if guilty, is too mild for him who willfully makes it.

I am aware, sir, of the constitutional privilege under which this imputation is cast forth, and the immunity which it secures. That privilege it is in no degree my purpose to violate, however gross and wicked may be the base right of every citizen, when I inform you, that the imputations you have cast upon me are false in every particular, not having for the last ten years purchased any public land, or had any interest in such purchase. The whole charge, unless explained, must be considered the offspring of a morbid imagination or of sleepless malice.

I ask you, sir, as an act due to justice, honor and truth, to retract this charge on the floor of the Senate, in as public a manner as it has been uttered—it being the most appropriate mode by which you can repair the injury which might otherwise flow from it.

But in the event that you fail to do so, I then demand that you place your charge before the House of Representatives that they may institute the necessary proceeding to ascertain the truth or falsehood of your imputation, with a view to such further measures as justice may require.

If you will neither do justice yourself, nor place the matter in a position where justice may be done me by the Representatives of the people I shall be compelled to resort to the only remedy left me, and before I leave the city, give publicity to this letter, by which you will stand stigmatized as one who, protected by his constitutional privilege, is ready to stab the reputation of others, without the magnanimity to do them justice, or the honor to place them in a situation to receive it from others.

Yours, &c.

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Hon. J. C. CALHOUN, United States Senator.

P. S. I herewith enclose you the copies of two notes, verifying the correctness of the report of your speech in the Globe of the 6th inst. Feb. 7, 1837. A. J.

Talincotton Operation.—Some time since there mention was made of the fact this operation had been performed in Boston. We have examined the patient, and had a detailed account of all the circumstances relating to the obvious necessity for attempting the restoration of the organ. It is now a bold Roman nose, firmly united in every direction. The wound on the forehead has been healed—so that one unacquainted with the particulars of the case, would hardly credit the assertion that so much as now now constitutes the new facial superstructure was taken from above the eyes. It is curious that the sensation of touch at the extremity of the nose, is referred to the highest region of the forehead.—[Medical Journal.]

Invasion of Texas.—It is generally believed in Texas that the Mexicans are making formidable preparations for the invasion of that country. The Texian Secretary of War calls upon every able bodied man to provide himself with a good gun and horse—a sufficient stock of ammunition, and to have ten days' provisions always on hand, so as to be enabled to march at a moment's warning.—[Bost. States.]

